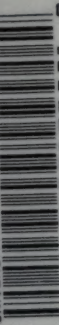


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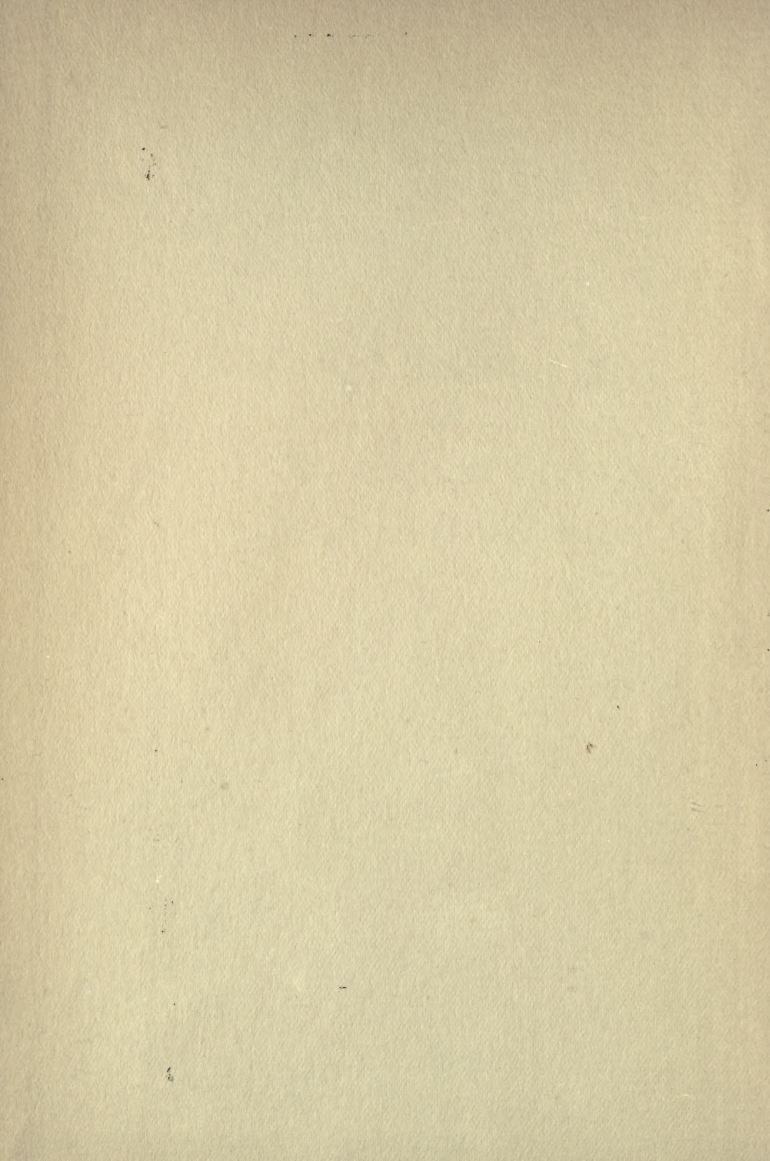


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THE SERVICE EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF
RUDYARD KIPLING



THE FIVE NATIONS

VOL. I



THE
FIVE NATIONS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I



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DEDICATION

*Before a midnight breaks in storm,
Or herded sea in wrath,
Ye know what wavering gusts inform
The greater tempest's path ;
Till the loosed wind
Drive all from mind,
Except Distress, which, so will prophets cry,
O'ercame them, houseless, from the unhunting sky.*

*Ere rivers league against the land
In piracy of flood,
Ye know what waters slip and stand
Where seldom water stood.
Yet who will note,
Till fields afloat,
And washen carcass and the returning well,
Trumpet what these poor heralds strove to tell?*

*Ye know who use the Crystal Ball
(To peer by stealth on Doom),
The Shade that, shaping first of all,
Prepares an empty room.*

THE FIVE NATIONS

*Then doth It pass
Like breath from glass,
But, on the extorted vision bowed intent,
No man considers why It came or went.*

*Before the years reborn behold
Themselves with stranger eye,
And the sport-making Gods of old,
Like Samson slaying, die,
Many shall hear
The all-pregnant sphere,
Bow to the birth and sweat, but—speech denied—
Sit dumb or—dealt in part—fall weak and wide.*

*Yet instant to fore-shadowed need
The eternal balance swings;
That wingèd men the Fates may breed
So soon as Fate hath wings.
These shall possess
Our littleness,
And in the imperial task (as worthy) lay
Up our lives' all to piece one giant day.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION	vii

THE FIVE NATIONS

BELL BUOY, THE	4
BROKEN MEN, THE	39
BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA	90
BURIAL, THE	74
CRUISERS	9
DESTROYERS, THE	13
DYKES, THE	26
'ET DONA FERENTES'	107
EXPLORER, THE	61
FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN, THE	44
GENERAL JOUBERT	77
KITCHENER'S SCHOOL	113
OLD MEN, THE	57
OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS	104

THE FIVE NATIONS

	PAGE
PALACE, THE	78
PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT	98
RIMMON	123
SEA AND THE HILLS, THE	1
SECOND VOYAGE, THE	23
SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ, THE	32
SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN	87
SUSSEX	81
TRUCE OF THE BEAR, THE	51
WAGE-SLAVES, THE	70
WHITE HORSES	18
— WHITE MAN'S BURDEN, THE	94
YOUNG QUEEN, THE	118

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A Nation spoke to a Nation,	104
As our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine, .	9
<i>Before a midnight breaks in storm,</i>	vii
Duly with knees that feign to quake,	123
For things we never mention,	39
God gave all men all earth to love,	81
Her hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was still on her heel,	118
In extended observation of the ways and works of man,	107
Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds are loose,	44
Oh glorious are the guarded heights,	70
Oh Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast !. . . .	113
Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way,	90

THE FIVE NATIONS

	PAGE
Said England unto Pharaoh, 'I must make a man of you,'	98
Take up the White Man's burden,	94
The God of Fair Beginnings,	32
'There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation,'	61
The strength of twice three thousand horse, .	13
They christened my brother of old,	4
This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the end,	57
We have no heart for the fishing, we have no hand for the oar,	26
We've sent our little Cupids all ashore, . . .	23
When I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven and skilled,	78
When that great Kings return to clay, . . .	74
When the darkened Fifties dip to the North, .	87
Where run your colts at pasture,	18
Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded,	1
With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,	77
Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go,	51

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

WHO hath desired the Sea ?—the sight of
salt water unbounded—

The heave and the halt and the hurl and the
crash of the comber wind-hounded ?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foam-
less, enormous, and growing—

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-
eyed hurricane blowing—

His Sea in no showing the same—his Sea and the
same 'neath each showing—

His Sea as she slackens or thrills ?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hill-
men desire their Hills !

Who hath desired the Sea ?—the immense and
contemptuous surges ?

The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-
stabbing bowsprit emerges ?

THE FIVE NATIONS

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged,
roaring sapphire thereunder—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the head-
sail's low-volleying thunder—

His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the
same through each wonder :

His Sea as she rages or stills ?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hill-
men desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea ? Her menaces swift
as her mercies,

The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-
winged breeze that disperses ?

The unstable mined berg going South and the
calvings and groans that declare it ;

White water half-guessed overside and the moon
breaking timely to bare it ;

His Sea as his fathers have dared—his Sea as his
children shall dare it—

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

His Sea as she serves him or kills ?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hill-
men desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea ? Her excellent loneli-
ness rather

Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits
than the streets where men gather

Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where
the slayer may slay him—

Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom
whereon he must lay him—

His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last
that shall never betray him—

His Sea that his being fulfils ?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hill-
men desire their Hills.

THE BELL BUOY

THEY christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he bears—

They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry-stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.

Would I change with my brother a league
inland ?

(*Shoal ! 'Ware shoal !*) Not I !

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er smooth flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the bidding of checked Desire ;

THE BELL BUOY

Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob-majors die.

Could I wait for my turn in the godly choir ?
(*Shoal ! 'Ware shoal !*) Not I !

When the smoking scud is blown,
When the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling Powers
(I war with a darkling sea) ;

Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk ?
(*Shoal ! 'Ware shoal !*) Not he !

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard of the bay,
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock, I reel, and I roll—

THE FIVE NATIONS

My four great hammers ply—

Could I speak or be still at the Church's
will ?

(*Shoal ! 'Ware shoal !*) Not I !

The landward marks have failed,

The fog-bank glides unguessed,

The seaward lights are veiled,

The spent deep feigns her rest :

But my ear is laid to her breast,

I lift to the swell—I cry !

Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath ?

(*Shoal ! 'Ware shoal !*) Not I !

At the careless end of night

I thrill to the nearing screw ;

I turn in the nearing light

And I call to the drowsy crew ;

And the mud boils foul and blue

THE BELL BUOY

As the blind bow backs away.

Will they give me their thanks if they clear
the banks ?

(*Shoal ! 'Ware shoal !*) Not they !

The beach-pools cake and skim,

The bursting spray-heads freeze,

I gather on crown and rim

The grey, grained ice of the seas,

Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,

The plunging colliers lie.

Would I barter my place for the Church's
grace ?

(*Shoal ! 'Ware shoal !*) Not I !

Through the blur of the whirling snow,

Or the black of the inky sleet,

The lanterns gather and grow,

And I look for the homeward fleet.

Rattle of block and sheet—

THE FIVE NATIONS

‘ Ready about—stand by ! ’

Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay ?
(*Shoal ! ’Ware shoal !*) Not I !

I dip and I surge and I swing

In the rip of the racing tide,

By the gates of doom I sing,

On the horns of death I ride.

A ship-length overside,

Between the course and the sand,

Fretted and bound I bide

Peril whereof I cry.

Would I change with my brother a league
inland ?

(*Shoal ! ’Ware shoal !*) Not I !

CRUISERS

AS our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine,
Made play for her bully the Ship of the
Line ;

So we, her bold daughters by iron and fire,
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure,
Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure ;
Since half of our trade is that same pretty sort
As mettlesome wenches do practise in port.

For this is our office : to spy and make room,
As hiding yet guiding the foe to their doom ;
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray
And tempt them to battle the seas' width away.

THE FIVE NATIONS

The pot-bellied merchant foreboding no wrong
With headlight and sidelight he lieth along,
Till, lightless and lightfoot and lurking, leap we
To force him discover his business by sea.

And when we have wakened the lust of a foe,
To draw him by flight toward our bullies we go,
Till, 'ware of strange smoke stealing nearer, he
flies—

Or our bullies close in for to make him good prize.

So, when we have spied on the path of their host,
One flieth to carry that word to the coast ;
And, lest by false doubling they turn and go free,
One lieth behind them to follow and see.

Anon we return, being gathered again,
Across the sad valleys all drabbled with rain—
Across the grey ridges all crispèd and curled—
To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

CRUISERS

The bitter salt spindrift : the sun-glare likewise :
The moon-track a-quiver bewilders our eyes,
Where, linking and lifting, our sisters we hail
'Twixt wrench of cross-surges or plunge of head-
gale.

As maidens awaiting the bride to come forth
Make play with light jestings and wit of no
worth,
So, widdershins circling the bride-bed of death,
Each fleereth her neighbour and signeth and
saith :—

' What see ye ? Their signals, or levin afar ?
' What hear ye ? God's thunder, or guns of our
war ?
' What mark ye ? Their smoke, or the cloud-
rack outblown ?
' What chase ye ? Their lights, or the Daystar
low down ? '



THE FIVE NATIONS

So, times past all number deceived by false shows,
Deceiving we cumber the road of our foes,
For this is our virtue : to track and betray ;
Preparing great battles a sea's width away.

*Now peace is at end and our peoples take heart,
For the laws are clean gone that restrained our art ;
Up and down the near headlands and against the
far wind
We are loosed (O be swift !) to the work of our kind !*

THE DESTROYERS

*THE strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal ;
The line that holds the rending course,
The hate that swings the whole :
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
At gaze and gone again—
The Brides of Death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain !*

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies ;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Girdled and desperate we dare
The blindfold game of war.

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell
The council of our foes ;
Clearer the barking guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.
Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our laden prey,
The convoy and her guard !

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their anxious lights along.

THE DESTROYERS

Not here, not here your danger lies—
 (Stare hard, O hooded eyne !)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
 The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek,
 The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the siren's whimpering shriek—
 The driven death is here !
Look to your van a league away,—
 What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
 Her crackling tops ablaze ?

Hit, and hard hit ! The blow went home,
 The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that overruns the foam—
 The foam that thins to smoke—

THE FIVE NATIONS

The smoke that clokes the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close !

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled :
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead !
Panic that shells the drifting spar—
Loud waste with none to check—
Mad fear that rakes a scornful star
Or sweeps a consort's deck !

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick,
Now ere their wits they find,
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind !

THE DESTROYERS

Good luck to those that see the end,
Good-bye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all ! *Shut down !*

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command ;
The hand that heaves the headlong force,
The hate that backs the hand :
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
The mine that splits the main ;
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain !*



WHITE HORSES

*WHERE run your colts at pasture ?
Where hide your mares to breed ?*

'Mid bergs about the Ice-cap
Or wove Sargasso weed ;
By chartless reef and channel,
Or crafty coastwise bars,
But most the ocean-meadows
All purple to the stars !

*Who holds the rein upon you ?
The latest gale let free.
What meat is in your mangers ?
The glut of all the sea.
'Twixt tide and tide's returning
Great store of newly dead,—*

WHITE HORSES

The bones of those that faced us,
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, off-shore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
A million hooves unshod—
Break forth the mad White Horses
To seek their meat from God !

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramlings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep is stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd !

THE FIVE NATIONS

Whose hand may grip your nostrils—

Your forelock who may hold ?

E'en they that use the broads with us—

The riders bred and bold,

That spy upon our matings,

That rope us where we run—

They know the strong White Horses

From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,

We race their babes ashore,

We snuff against their thresholds,

We nuzzle at their door ;

By day with stamping squadrons,

By night in whinnying droves,

Creep up the wise White Horses,

To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling ?

No wit of man may save.

WHITE HORSES

They hear the loosed White Horses
Above their father's grave ;
And, kin of those we crippled,
And, sons of those we slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To school the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,
Oh jealous steeds and strong ?
Save we that throw their weaklings,
Is none dare work them wrong ;
While thick around the homestead
Our snow-backed leaders graze—
A guard behind their plunder,
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—
With weight of wheeling hosts—
Stray mob or bands embattled—
We ring the chosen coasts :

THE FIVE NATIONS

And, careless of our clamour
That bids the stranger fly,
At peace within our pickets
The wild white riders lie.

.

Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the neighing wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind !
To bray your foeman's armies—
To chill and snap his sword—
Trust ye the wild White Horses,
The Horses of the Lord !

THE SECOND VOYAGE

WE 'VE sent our little Cupids all ashore—
They were frightened, they were tired,
they were cold ;

Our sails of silk and purple go to store,
And we 've cut away our mast of beaten gold.
(Foul weather !)

Oh 'tis hemp and singing pine for to stand against
the brine,
But Love he is the master as of old !

The sea has shorn our galleries away,
The salt has soiled our gilding past remede ;
Our paint is flaked and blistered by the spray,
Our sides are half a fathom furred in weed,
(Foul weather !)

And the doves of Venus fled and the petrels came
instead,
But Love he was our master at our need !

THE FIVE NATIONS

'Was Youth would keep no vigil at the bow,
'Was Pleasure at the helm too drunk to
steer—

We 've shipped three able quartermasters now,
Men call them Custom, Reverence, and Fear.

(Foul weather !)

They are old and scarred and plain, but we 'll run
no risk again

From any Port o' Paphos mutineer !

We seek no more the tempest for delight,
We skirt no more the indraught and the
shoal—

We ask no more of any day or night
Than to come with least adventure to our goal.

(Foul weather !)

What we find we needs must brook, but we do
not go to look,

Nor tempt the Lord our God that saved us
whole !

THE SECOND VOYAGE

Yet, caring so, not overly we care

To brace and trim for every foolish blast,

If the squall be pleased to sweep us unaware,

He may bellow off to leeward like the last.

(Foul weather !)

We will blame it on the deep (for the watch must
have their sleep),

And Love can come and wake us when 'tis
past.

Oh launch them down with music from the beach,

Oh warp them out with garlands from the
quays—

Most resolute—a damsel unto each—

New prows that seek the old Hesperides !

(Foul weather !)

Though we know the voyage is vain, yet we see
our path again

In the saffroned bridesails scenting all the seas !

(Foul weather !)

THE DYKES

WE have no heart for the fishing, we have no
hand for the oar—

All that our fathers taught us of old pleases us
now no more ;

All that our own hearts bid us believe we doubt
where we do not deny—

There is no proof in the bread we eat or rest in
the toil we ply.

Look you, our foreshore stretches far through
sea-gate, dyke, and groin—

Made land all, that our fathers made, where the
flats and the fairway join.

THE DYKES

They forced the sea a sea-league back. They
died, and their work stood fast.

We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes,
but the time of our peace is past.

Far off, the full tide clambers and slips, mouth-
ing and testing all,

Nipping the flanks of the water-gates, baying
along the wall ;

Turning the shingle, returning the shingle, chang-
ing the set of the sand . . .

We are too far from the beach, men say, to know
how the outworks stand.

So we come down, uneasy, to look, uneasily
pacing the beach.

These are the dykes our fathers made : we have
never known a breach.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Time and again has the gale blown by and we
were not afraid ;

Now we come only to look at the dykes—at the
dykes our fathers made.

O'er the marsh where the homesteads cower
apart the harried sunlight flies,

Shifts and considers, wanes and recovers, scatters
and sickens and dies—

An evil ember bedded in ash—a spark blown west
by the wind . . .

We are surrendered to night and the sea—the gale
and the tide behind !

At the bridge of the lower saltings the cattle
gather and blare,

Roused by the feet of running men, dazed by the
lantern glare.

THE DYKES

Unbar and let them away for their lives—the
levels drown as they stand,
Where the flood-wash forces the sluices aback
and the ditches deliver inland.

Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the gal-
loping breakers stride,
And their overcarried spray is a sea—a sea on the
landward side.

Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves,
going they snatch with their teeth,
Till the bents and the furze and the sand are
dragged out, and the old-time wattles be-
neath !

Bid men gather fuel for fire, the tar and the oil
and the tow—
Flame we shall need, not smoke, in the dark if the
riddled seabanks go.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Bid the ringers watch in the tower (who knows
what the dawn shall prove ?)

Each with his rope between his feet and the
trembling bells above.

Now we can only wait till the day, wait and ap-
portion our shame.

These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would
not look to the same.

Time and again were we warned of the dykes,
time and again we delayed :

Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons as our
fathers we have betrayed.

.

Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching
the work of the seas,

These were the dykes our fathers made to our
great profit and ease ;

THE DYKES

But the peace is gone and the profit is gone, and
the old sure day withdrawn . . .

That our own houses show as strange when we
come back in the dawn !

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

THE God of Fair Beginnings
Hath prospered here my hand—
The cargoes of my lading,
And the keels of my command.
For out of many ventures
That sailed with hope as high,
My own have made the better trade,
And Admiral am I!

To me my King's much honour,
To me my people's love—
To me the pride of Princes
And power all pride above;
To me the shouting cities,
To me the mob's refrain :—

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

‘ Who knows not noble Valdez,
Hath never heard of Spain.’

But I remember comrades—
Old playmates on new seas—
Whenas we traded orpiment
Among the savages—
A thousand leagues to south’ard
And thirty years removed—
They knew not noble Valdez,
But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,
They drank it not alone,
And they that found fair plunder,
They told us every one,
About our chosen islands
Or secret shoals between,
When, walty from far voyage,
We gathered to careen.

THE FIVE NATIONS

There burned our breaming-fagots

All pale along the shore :

There rose our worn pavilions—

A sail above an oar :

As flashed each yearning anchor

Through mellow seas afire,

So swift our careless captains

Rowed each to his desire.

Where lay our loosened harness ?

Where turned our naked feet ?

Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees ?

What quenchings of what heat ?

Oh fountain in the desert !

Oh cistern in the waste !

Oh bread we ate in secret !

Oh cup we spilled in haste !

The youth new-taught of longing,

The widow curbed and wan—

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

The goodwife proud at season,
And the maid aware of man ;
All souls unslaked, consuming,
Defrauded in delays,
Desire not more their quittance
Than I those forfeit days !

I dreamed to wait my pleasure
Unchanged my spring would bide :
Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,
I put my spring aside
Till, first in face of Fortune,
And last in mazed disdain,
I made Diego Valdez
High Admiral of Spain.

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven
Nor surge that did not aid—
I dared extreme occasion,
Nor ever one betrayed.

THE FIVE NATIONS

They wrought a deeper treason—
 (Led seas that served my needs !)
They sold Diego Valdez
 To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,
 And pinned and bade me hold
The course I might not alter—
 And men esteemed me bold !
The calms embayed my quarry,
 The fog-wreath sealed his eyes ;
The dawn-wind brought my topsails—
 And men esteemed me wise !

Yet 'spite my tyrant triumphs
 Bewildered, dispossessed—
My dream held I before me—
 My vision of my rest ;
But, crowned by Fleet and People,
 And bound by King and Pope—

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

Stands here Diego Valdez

To rob me of my hope !

No prayer of mine shall move him,

No word of his set free

The Lord of Sixty Pennants

And the Steward of the Sea.

His will can loose ten thousand

To seek their loves again—

But not Diego Valdez,

High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven

Nor wave that shall restore

The old careening riot

And the clamorous, crowded shore—

The fountain in the desert,

The cistern in the waste,

The bread we ate in secret,

The cup we spilled in haste !

THE FIVE NATIONS

Now call I to my Captains—
For council fly the sign,
Now leap their zealous galleys
Twelve-oared across the brine.
To me the straiter prison,
To me the heavier chain—
To me Diego Valdez,
High Admiral of Spain !

THE BROKEN MEN

FOR things we never mention,
For Art misunderstood—
For excellent intention
That did not turn to good ;
From ancient tales' renewing,
From clouds we would not clear—
Beyond the Law's pursuing
We fled, and settled here.

We took no tearful leaving,
We bade no long good-byes ;
Men talked of crime and thieving,
Men wrote of fraud and lies.

THE FIVE NATIONS

To save our injured feelings
'Twas time and time to go—
Behind was dock and Dartmoor,
Ahead lay Callao !

The widow and the orphan
That pray for ten per cent.,
They clapped their trailers on us
To spy the road we went.
They watched the foreign sailings
(They scan the shipping still),
And that 's your Christian people
Returning good for ill !

God bless the thoughtful islands
Where never warrants come !
God bless the just Republics
That give a man a home,
That ask no foolish questions,
But set him on his feet ;

THE BROKEN MEN

And save his wife and daughters
From the workhouse and the street !

On church and square and market
The noonday silence falls ;
You 'll hear the drowsy mutter
Of the fountain in our halls.
Asleep amid the yuccas
The city takes her ease—
Till twilight brings the land-wind
To our clicking jalousies.

Day long the diamond weather,
The high, unaltered blue—
The smell of goats and incense
And the mule-bells tinkling through.
Day long the warder ocean
That keeps us from our kin,
And once a month our levee
When the English mail comes in.

THE FIVE NATIONS

You 'll find us up and waiting
To treat you at the bar ;
You 'll find us less exclusive
Than the average English are.
We 'll meet you with our carriage,
Too glad to show you round,
But—we do not lunch on steamers,
For they are English ground.

We sail o' nights to England
And join our smiling Boards ;
Our wives go in with Viscounts
And our daughters dance with Lords.
But behind our princely doings,
And behind each coup we make,
We feel there 's Something Waiting,
And—we meet It when we wake.

Ah God ! One sniff of England—
To greet our flesh and blood—

THE BROKEN MEN

To hear the hansoms slurring

Once more through London mud !

Our towns of wasted honour—

Our streets of lost delight !

How stands the old Lord Warden ?

Are Dover's cliffs still white ?



THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

NOW the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the
Hunting Winds are loose—

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the
brain ;

Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the
whisper of the Trues,

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again !
Who hath seen the beaver busied ? Who hath
watched the black-tail mating ?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose
cry ?

Who hath worked the chosen water where the
ouananiche is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly ?

He must go—go—go away from here !

On the other side the world he's overdue.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

*'Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you !*

So for one the wet sail arching through the rain-
bow round the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the
crust ;

And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-
moose waits the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing in the
dust.

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight ? Who
hath heard the birch-log burning ?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night ?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young
Men's feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known
delight !

Let him go—go, etc.

THE FIVE NATIONS

I

Do you know the blackened timber—do you
know that racing stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end ;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man
may bask and dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend ?
It is there that we are going with our rods and
reels and traces,

To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the star-
light on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go !

They must go—go, etc.

II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas
are steep and short,

Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers
ride ?

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to
leeward of your port

On a coast you 've lost the chart of overside ?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to
bale her—

Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail
and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go !
He must go—go, etc.

III

Do you know the pile-built village where the
sago-dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo ?
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-
scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies
flap through ?

THE FIVE NATIONS

It is there that I am going with my camphor, net,
and boxes,

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and
flying-foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go !

He must go—go, etc.

IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you
know that windy rift

Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and
change ?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down
on frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range ?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders
and the snow lie,

With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of
Ovis Poli,

And the Red Gods call me out and I must go !

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the
Smokes of Council rise—

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail
they choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested : now they
pack their last supplies :

Now our Young Men go to dance before the
Trues !

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall
light them to that shrine ?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their
goal ?

Unto each the voice and vision : unto each his
spoor and sign—



THE FIVE NATIONS

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-
bath 'neath the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked soul !

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting,
as a lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the
glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the
surf-boat brings the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . .

Quick ! ah, heave the camp-kit over !

For the Red Gods make their medicine again !

And we go—go—go away from here !

On the other side the world we 're overdue !

'Send the road is clear before you when the old

Spring-fret comes o'er you,

And the Red Gods call for you !

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

YEARLY, with tent and rifle, our careless
white men go

By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the
vale below.

Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men
in—

Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow
to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, broken
of speech,

Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his
tale to each ;

Over and over the story, ending as he began :

‘ Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear
that walks like a man !

THE FIVE NATIONS

‘ There was a flint in my musket—pricked and
primed was the pan,

When I went hunting Adam-zad—the Bear that
stands like a man.

I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last
on the snow,

When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

‘ I knew his times and his seasons, as he knew
mine, that fed

By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed
my house of bread ;

I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew
mine, that crept

At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered
while I slept.

‘ Up from his stony playground—down from his
well-digged lair—

Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear ;

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with
stolen meals,

Two long marches to northward, and I was at
his heels !

‘ Two full marches to northward, at the fall of
the second night,

I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting
from his flight.

There was a charge in the musket—pricked and
primed was the pan—

My finger crooked on the trigger—when he
reared up like a man.

‘ Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in
prayer,

Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear !
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch’s
swag and swing,

And my heart was touched with pity for the
monstrous, pleading thing.

THE FIVE NATIONS

‘Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire
then . . .

I have looked no more on women—I have walked
no more with men.

Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like
hands that pray—

From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped
my face away !

‘Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the
blow—

Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers
ago.

I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass
to his den,

He left me blind to the darkened years and the
little mercy of men.

‘Now ye go down in the morning with guns of
the newer style,

That load (I have felt) in the middle and range
(I have heard) a mile ?

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast
and true,

But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what
the Bear can do ! ’

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and
withered and grey—

Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth
for his pay.)

‘ Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and
press him hard—

Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from
Adam-zad.

‘ But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is
the time to fear,

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering
near and near ;

When he stands up as pleading, in wavering,
man-brute guise,

When he veils the hate and cunning of the little,
swinish eyes ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

‘When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws
like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce
of the Bear !’

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the
door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o’er and
o’er ;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his
hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the
morrow’s game ;

Over and over the story, ending as he began :—
‘*There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that
looks like a man !*’

THE OLD MEN

*THIS is our lot if we live so long and labour
unto the end—*

*That we outlive the impatient years and the much
too patient friend :*

*And because we know we have breath in our mouth
and think we have thought in our head,*

*We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
really dead.*

We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade or
alien planets arise

(That the sere bush buds or the desert blooms or
the ancient well-head dries),

Or any new compass wherewith new men adven-
ture 'neath new skies.

THE FIVE NATIONS

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our
youth to bind on our children's hands ;
We shall call to the water below the bridges to
return and replenish our lands ;
We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses)
and scholarly plough the sands.

We shall lie down in the eye of the sun for lack
of a light on our way—
We shall rise up when the day is done and chirrup,
' Behold, it is day ! '
We shall abide till the battle is won ere we amble
into the fray.

We shall peck out and discuss and dissect, and
evert and extrude to our mind,
The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive
to God and mankind—
(Precisely like vultures over an ox that the Army
has left behind).

THE OLD MEN

We shall make walk preposterous ghosts of the
glories we once created—

(Immodestly smearing from muddled palettes
amazing pigments mismated)

And our friends will weep when we ask them with
boasts if our natural force be abated.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out : but
we shall subsist on the smell of it,

And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and
suck our gums and think well of it.

Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
And that is the perfectest Hell of it !

*This is our lot if we live so long and listen to those
who love us—*

*That we are shunned by the people about and
shamed by the Powers above us.*

THE FIVE NATIONS

*Wherefore be free of your harness betimes ; but
being free be assured,
That he who hath not endured to the death, from his
birth he hath never endured !*

THE EXPLORER

‘THERE ’S no sense in going further—it’s
the edge of cultivation,’

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land
and sowed my crop—

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little
border station

Tucked away below the foothills where the
trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang inter-
minable changes

On one everlasting Whisper day and night re-
peated—so :

‘Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and
look behind the Ranges—

‘Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and
waiting for you. Go !’

THE FIVE NATIONS

So I went, worn out of patience ; 'never told my
nearest neighbours—

Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em
drinking in the town ;

And the faith that moveth mountains didn't
seem to help my labours

As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up
and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning
flanks and dodging shoulders,

Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for
lack of grass ;

Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow
and naked boulders—

Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd
stumbled on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder : but that
night the Norther found me—

THE EXPLORER

Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies ; so I
called the camp Despair
(It 's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then
my Whisper waked to hound me :—
'Something lost behind the Ranges. Over
yonder. Go you there !'

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His
Hand was certain o'er me.

Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better
men had died—

I could reach the township living, but . . . He
knows what terrors tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down
the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers
turned to aloes,

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brim-
ming stream ran by ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the
water drained to shallows—

And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth,
and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires ; I remember sitting
by them ;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through
the smoke ;

I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone
to try 'em.

'Something lost behind the Ranges,' was the
only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I
knew it

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny
folk I saw.

THE EXPLORER

Very full of dreams that desert : but my two legs
took me through it . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes
all black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's
country past disputing—

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of
hills behind—

There I found me food and water, and I lay a
week recruiting,

Got my strength and lost my nightmares.
Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my
trees and blazed and ringed 'em—

Week by week I pried and sampled—week by
week my findings grew.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he
found a kingdom !

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had
struck the worth of two !

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-
poised snow-slide shivers—

Down and through the big fat marshes that
the virgin ore-bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of un-
imagined rivers,

And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable
plains !

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy
grades between 'em ;

Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thou-
sand head an hour ;

THE EXPLORER

Counted leagues of water-frontage through the
axe-ripe woods that screen 'em—
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting
for the power !

Well I know who 'll take the credit—all the clever
chaps that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my
desert fears ;
Tracked me by the camps I 'd quitted, used the
water-holes I 'd hollowed.
They 'll go back and do the talking. They 'll
be called the Pioneers !

They will find my sites of townships—not the
cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers
heard at night.

THE FIVE NATIONS

By my own old marks and bearings they will
show me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide
my feet aright.

Have I named one single river ? Have I claimed
one single acre ?

Have I kept one single nugget — (barring
samples) ? No, not I.

Because my price was paid me ten times over by
my Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up
and occupy.

Ores you 'll find there ; wood and cattle ; water-
transit sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down), coal
and iron at your doors.

THE EXPLORER

God took care to hide that country till He judged
His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've
found it, and it's yours !

Yes, your 'Never-never country'—yes, your
'edge of cultivation'

And 'no sense in going further'—till I crossed
the range to see.

God forgive me ! No, *I* didn't. It's God's
present to our nation.

Anybody might have found it but—His Whis-
per came to Me !

THE WAGE-SLAVES

O H glorious are the guarded heights
Where guardian souls abide—
Self-exiled from our gross delights—
Above, beyond, outside :
An ampler are their spirit swings—
Commands a juster view—
We have their word for all these things,
Nor doubt their words are true.

Yet we the bondslaves of our day,
Whom dirt and danger press—
Co-heirs of insolence, delay,
And leagued unfaithfulness—

THE WAGE-SLAVES

Such is our need must seek indeed
And, having found, engage
The men who merely do the work
For which they draw the wage.

From forge and farm and mine and bench,
Deck, altar, outpost lone—
Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,
Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne—
Creation's cry goes up on high
From age to cheated age :
' Send us the men who do the work
For which they draw the wage.'

Words cannot help nor wit achieve,
Nor e'en the all-gifted fool,
Too weak to enter, bide, or leave
The lists he cannot rule.



THE FIVE NATIONS

Beneath the sun we count on none
Our evil to assuage,
Except the men that do the work
For which they draw the wage.

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain
Comes forth the vast Event—
The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane
Result of labour spent—
They that have wrought the end unthought
Be neither saint nor sage,
But men who merely did the work
For which they drew the wage.

Wherefore to these the Fates shall bend
(And all old idle things—)
Wherefore on these shall Power attend
Beyond the grasp of kings :

THE WAGE-SLAVES

Each in his place, by right, not grace,
 Shall rule his heritage—
The men who simply do the work
 For which they draw the wage.

Not such as scorn the loitering street,
 Or waste to earn its praise,
Their noontide's unreturning heat
 About their morning ways :
But such as dower each mortgaged hour
 Alike with clean courage—
Even the men who do the work
 For which they draw the wage—
Men like to Gods that do the work
 For which they draw the wage—
Begin—continue—close the work
 For which they draw the wage !

THE BURIAL

C. J. RHODES, buried in the Matoppos,
April 10, 1902

WHEN that great Kings return to clay,
Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day,
Because its creature died.
But we—we reckon not with those
Whom the mere Fates ordain,
This Power that wrought on us and goes
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.

THE BURIAL

So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth
Across the world he won—
The granite of the ancient North—
Great spaces washed with sun.
There shall he patient make his seat
(As when the Death he dared),
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
To council 'neath his skies,

THE FIVE NATIONS

The immense and brooding Spirit still

Shall quicken and control.

Living he was the land, and dead,

His soul shall be her soul !

GENERAL JOUBERT

(DIED MARCH 27, 1900)

WITH those that bred, with those that
loosed the strife,

He had no part whose hands were clear of gain ;
But subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one ;
Telling old battles over without hate—
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

He may not meet the onswEEP of our van
In the doomed city when we close the score ;
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a man—
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once
more !

THE PALACE

WHEN I was a King and a Mason—a Master
proven and skilled—

I cleared me ground for a palace such as a King
should build.

I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently,
under the silt,

I came on the wreck of a palace such as a King
had built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no
wit in the plan—

Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings
ran—

Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on
every stone :

*‘ After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known.’*

THE PALACE

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-
planned ground-works grew,

I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar, and cut and
reset them anew.

Lime I milled of the marbles ; burned it, slacked
it, and spread ;

Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the
humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried ; yet, as we
wrenched them apart,

I read in the razed foundations the heart of that
builder's heart.

As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand
The form of the dream he had followed in the face
of the thing he had planned.

.

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open
noon of my pride,

THE FIVE NATIONS

They sent me a Word from the Darkness—They
whispered and called me aside.

They said—‘ The end is forbidden.’ They said—
‘ Thy use is fulfilled,

‘ And thy palace shall stand as that other’s—the
spoil of a King who shall build.’

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries,
my wharves, and my shears.

All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the
faithless years.

Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the
stone :

*After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known !*

SUSSEX

GOD gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all ;
That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea !



THE FIVE NATIONS

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died
At shift of sword and sword ?
The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
All heavy-winged with brine,

SUSSEX

Here lies above the folded crest
The Channel's leaden line ;
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies—
Only our close-bit thyme that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days
The tinkling silence thrills ;
Or little, lost, Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills :

THE FIVE NATIONS

But here the Old Gods guard their round,
And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,
With equal soul I 'd see
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,
Yet none more fair than she.
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun
Where the rolled scarp retires,
And the Long Man of Wilmington
Looks naked toward the shires ;
And east till doubling Rother crawls
To find the fickle tide,

SUSSEX

By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws
And the deep ghylls that breed
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
No more than 'Sussex weed';
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's
Begilded dolphin veers,
And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

THE FIVE NATIONS

*God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea !*

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

WHEN the darkened Fifties dip to the North,
And frost and the fog divide the air,
And the day is dead at his breaking-forth,
Sirs, it is bitter beneath the Bear !

Far to Southward they wheel and glance,
The million molten spears of morn—
The spears of our deliverance
That shine on the house where we were born.

Flying-fish about our bows,
Flying sea-fires in our wake :
This is the road to our Father's House,
Whither we go for our soul's sake !



THE FIVE NATIONS

We have forfeited our birthright,
We have forsaken all things meet ;
We have forgotten the look of light,
We have forgotten the scent of heat.

They that walk with shaded brows,
Year by year in a shining land,
They be men of our Father's House,
They shall receive us and understand.

We shall go back by boltless doors,
To the life unaltered our childhood knew—
To the naked feet on the cool, dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the Trade blows
through :

To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
And the tree-toad's chorus drowning all—
And the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small.

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

The wayside magic, the threshold spells,
Shall soon undo what the North has done—
Because of the sights and the sounds and the
smells

That ran with our youth in the eye of the sun !

And Earth accepting shall ask no vows,
Nor the Sea our love nor our lover the Sky.
When we return to our Father's House
Only the English shall wonder why !



BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

'And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura.'

O H ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the 'heathen' pray
To Buddha at Kamakura !

To him the Way, the Law, Apart,
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,
Ananda's Lord the Bodhisat,
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though he neither burns nor sees,
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,
Ye have not sinned with such as these,
His children at Kamakura ;

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

Yet spare us still the Western joke
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke
The little sins of little folk
That worship at Kamakura—

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies
That flit beneath the Master's eyes—
He is beyond the Mysteries
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,
Of birth as fish or beast or bird,
While yet in lives the Master stirred,
The warm wind brings Kamakura.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see,
A-flower 'neath her golden *htee*,
The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly
From Burmah to Kamakura ;

And down the loaded air there comes
The thunder of Thibetan drums,
And droned—' *Om mane padme oms* '—
A world's width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,
Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,
And beef-fed zealots threaten ill
To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,
A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,
So much, and scarce so much, ye hold
The meaning of Kamakura ?

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

But when the morning prayer is prayed,
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,
Is God in human image made
No nearer than Kamakura ?

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

TAKE up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—

Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need ;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride ;

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease ;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.

THE FIVE NATIONS

The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward :
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly !) toward the light :—
' Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night ? '

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness ;

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers !

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

‘ . . . Consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged. . . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H.H. the Khedive.’

Extract from letter.

S AID England unto Pharaoh, ‘ I must make
a man of you,

That will stand upon his feet and play the
game ;

That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian
ought to do,’

And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatis-
name.

It was not a Duke nor Earl, nor yet a
Viscount—

It was not a big brass General that came ;

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

But a man in khaki kit who could handle
men a bit,

With his bedding labelled Sergeant What-
isname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, ' Though at present
singing small,

You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,'

And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant
once for all,

And left 'em in the desert making friends.

It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral ;

It was not a public-house of common fame ;

But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on
either hand,

And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, ' You 've had
miracles before,

When Aaron struck your rivers into blood ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you
something more,

He 's a charm for making riflemen from mud.'

It was neither Hindustani, French, nor
Coptics ;

It was odds and ends and leavings of the
same,

Translated by a stick (which is really half
the trick),

And Pharaoh harked to Sergeant Whatis-
name.

(There were years that no one talked of ; there
were times of horrid doubt—

There was faith and hope and whacking and
despair—

While the Sergeant gave the Cautions and he
combed old Pharaoh out,

And England didn't seem to know nor care.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

That is England's awful way o' doing business—

She would serve her God or Gordon just the same—

For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Holborn Hill,

And she didn't think of Sergeant Whatis-name.)

Said England to the Sergeant, ' You can let my people go ! '

(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start),

And they entered 'em in battle on a most astonished foe—

But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart

That was broke, along of all the plagues of Egypt,

THE FIVE NATIONS

Three thousand years before the Sergeant
came—

And he mended it again in a little more than
ten,

So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatis-
name !

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty
from the first),

There was heat and dust and coolie-work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there
was cholera and thirst,

But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.

Down the desert, down the railway, down
the river,

Like Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the
land of his desire,

And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatis-
name !

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our
daily bread,

Which we have to buy from those that hate us
most,

And we must not raise the money where the
Sergeant raised the dead,

And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to
boast.

But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,

And he's not allowed to forward any
claim—

Though he drilled a black man white, though
he made a mummy fight,

He will still continue Sergeant Whatis-
name—

Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and In-
structor—

But the everlasting miracle's the same !

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

(CANADIAN PREFERENTIAL TARIFF, 1897)

A NATION spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne :
' Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,'
Said our Lady of the Snows.

' Neither with laughter nor weeping,
Fear or the child's amaze—
Soberly under the White Man's law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the Gentiles' clamour—
Insult or threat of blows—

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

Bow we the knee to Baal,'
Said our Lady of the Snows.

' My speech is clean and single,
I talk of common things—
Words of the wharf and the market-place
And the ware the merchant brings :
Favour to those I favour,
But a stumbling-block to my foes.
Many there be that hate us,'
Said our Lady of the Snows.

' I called my chiefs to council
In the din of a troubled year ;
For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
And a word ye would not hear.
This is our message and answer ;
This is the path we chose :
For we be also a people,'
Said our Lady of the Snows.



THE FIVE NATIONS

‘ Carry the word to my sisters—

To the Queens of the East and the South.

I have proven faith in the Heritage

By more than the word of the mouth.

They that are wise may follow

Ere the world’s war-trumpet blows,

But I—I am first in the battle,’

Said our Lady of the Snows.

A Nation spoke to a Nation,

A Throne sent word to a Throne :

‘ Daughter am I in my mother’s house,

But mistress in my own.

The gates are mine to open,

As the gates are mine to close,

And I abide by my mother’s house,’

Said our Lady of the Snows.

‘ET DONA FERENTES’

I N extended observation of the ways and works
of man,

From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the plains
of Hindustan :

I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the
racial ruction rise,

And the men of half creation damning half
creation's eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that
pentecostal crew,

French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Dutch and
Greek, and Russ and Jew,



THE FIVE NATIONS

Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and
yellow, mauve and white,
But it never really mattered till the English grew
polite ;

Till the men with polished toppers, till the men
in long frock-coats,
Till the men that do not duel, till the men who
fight with votes,
Till the breed that take their pleasures as Saint
Laurence took his grid,
Began to ' beg your pardon ' and—the knowing
croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the
girls that bring the beer,
Felt the psychologic moment, left the lit casino
clear ;

‘ ET DONA FERENTES ’

But the uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to
the Gaul,

Was entrapped, once more, my country, by that
suave, deceptive drawl.

.

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath wilder, milder
skies,

I 'observe with apprehension' when the racial
ructions rise ;

And with keener apprehension, if I read the times
aright,

Hear the old casino order : ' Watch your man,
but be polite.

' Keep your temper. Never answer (*that* was
why they spat and swore).

Don't hit first, but move together (there's no
hurry) to the door.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Back to back, and facing outward while the linguist tells 'em how—

“*Nous sommes allong à notre batteau, nous ne voulong pas un row.*” ’

So the hard, pent rage ate inward, till some idiot went too far . . .

‘Let 'em have it!’ and they had it, and the same was serious war.

Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug, chair and boot—

Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long, hoarse yell for loot.

Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, as a banner fluttered free ;

Then the grand piano cantered, on three castors, down the quay ;

‘ ET DONA FERENTES ’

White, and breathing through their nostrils,
silent, systematic, swift—

They removed, effaced, abolished all that man
could heave or lift.

Oh, my country, bless the training that from cot
to castle runs—

The pitfall of the stranger but the bulwark of
thy sons—

Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish
soul and unperturbed,

Till we wake our Island-Devil—nowise cool for
being curbed !

When the heir of all the ages ‘ has the honour
to remain,’

When he will not hear an insult, though men
make it ne’er so plain,

THE FIVE NATIONS

When his lips are schooled to meekness, when
his back is bowed to blows—

Well the keen *aas-vogels* know it—well the wait-
ing jackal knows.

Build on the flanks of Etna where the sullen
smoke-puffs float—

Or bathe in tropic waters where the lean fin dogs
the boat—

Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen
dynamite—

But oh, beware my country, when my country
grows polite !

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

Being a translation of the song that was made by a Mohammedan schoolmaster of Bengal Infantry (some time on service at Suakim) when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money from the English to build a Mudrissa for Hubshees—or a college for the Sudanese, 1898.

O H Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand
and bow your head on your breast !

This is the message of Kitchener who did not
break you in jest.

It was permitted to him to fulfil the long-
appointed years ;

Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead
Emirs.

He stamped only before your walls, and the
Tomb ye knew was dust :

He gathered up under his armpits all the swords
of your trust :



THE FIVE NATIONS

He set a guard on your granaries, securing the
weak from the strong :

He said :—‘ Go work the waterwheels that were
abolished so long.’

He said :—‘ Go safely, being abased. I have
accomplished my vow.’

That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his
madness now !

He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye
devise :

He is preparing a second host—an army to make
you wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall
ye learn his name again,

But letter by letter, from Kaf to Kaf, at the
mouth of his chosen men.

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

He has gone back to his own city, not seeking
presents or bribes,
But openly asking the English for money to buy
you Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no
right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all
the English give.
It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are
their hearts inclined :
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest
of all mankind !

They do not consider the Meaning of Things ;
they consult not creed nor clan.
Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and
behold, he ariseth a man !



THE FIVE NATIONS

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and
before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call
the living to school.

How is this reason (which is their reason) to judge
a scholar's worth,
By casting a ball at three straight sticks and
defending the same with a fourth ?
But this they do (which is doubtless a spell) and
other matters more strange,
Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of
their scholars change :

Till these make come and go great boats or
engines upon the rail
(But always the English watch near by to prop
them when they fail) ;
Till these make laws of their own choice and
Judges of their own blood ;

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

And all the mad English obey the Judges and say
that the Law is good.

Certainly they were mad from of old : but I
think one new thing,

That the magic whereby they work their magic—
wherefrom their fortunes spring—

May be that they show all peoples their magic
and ask no price in return.

Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, O
Hubshee, make haste and learn !

Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure
thing I know—

If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to
his Madrissa go !

Go, and carry your shoes in your hand and bow
your head on your breast,

For he who did not slay you in sport, he will not
teach you in jest.

THE YOUNG QUEEN

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, INAUGUR-
ATED NEW YEAR'S DAY 1901)

HER hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur
was still on her heel,
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted
steel ;
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold,
and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen
rode to be crowned.

She came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall
of Our Thousand Years—
In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are
peers among their peers :

THE YOUNG QUEEN

Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the
head,

Crying—‘Crown me, my Mother!’ And the
Old Queen stood and said :—

‘How can I crown thee further? I know whose
standard flies

Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the
coral barriers rise.

Blood of our foes on thy bridle, and speech of
our friends in thy mouth—

How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the
Sovereign South?

‘Let the Five Free Nations witness!’ But the
Young Queen answered swift :—

‘It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our
crown for a gift.



THE FIVE NATIONS

In the days when Our folk were feeble thy sword
made sure Our lands :

Wherefore We come in power to take Our crown
at thy hands.'

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the
jealous circlet prest,

Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red
with the gold of the West,

Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted,
alive,

And the Five-starred Cross above them, for sign
of the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of
Our Thousand Years,

In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no
peer but their peers ;

And the Young Queen out of the Southland
kneeled down at the Old Queen's knee,

THE YOUNG QUEEN

And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where
the jewelled head drooped low :—

‘ Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly
Daughter so—

Mother of many princes—and child of the child
I bore,

What good thing shall I wish thee that I have
not wished before ?

‘ Shall I give thee delight in dominion—mere
pride of thy setting forth ?

Nay, we be women together—we know what that
lust is worth.

Peace in thy utmost borders, and strength on a
road untrod ?

These are dealt or diminished at the secret will
of God.

THE FIVE NATIONS

‘ I have swayed troublous councils, I am wise in
terrible things ;

Father and son and grandson, I have known the
heart of the Kings.

Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom, or the gift
all wisdom above ?

Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy
people’s love :

‘ Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers
or vows,

Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother’s
house.

God requite thee, my Sister, through the wonder-
ful years to be,

And make thy people to love thee as thou hast
loved me ! ’

RIMMON

D^ULY with knees that feign to quake—
Bent head and shaded brow,—
Yet once again, for my father's sake,
In Rimmon's House I bow.

The curtains part, and the trumpet blares,
And the eunuchs howl aloud ;
And the gilt, swag-bellied idol glares
Insolent over the crowd.

*' This is Rimmon, Lord of the Earth—
' Fear Him and bow the knee ! '*
And I watch my comrades hide their mirth
That rode to the wars with me.

THE FIVE NATIONS

For we remember the sun and the sand
And the rocks whereon we trod,
Ere we came to a scorched and a scornful land
That did not know our God ;

As we remember the sacrifice
Dead men an hundred laid—
Slain while they served His mysteries
And that He would not aid.

Not though we gashed ourselves and wept,
For the high-priest bade us wait ;
Saying He went on a journey or slept,
Or was drunk or had taken a mate.

*(Praise ye Rimmon, King of Kings,
Who ruleth Earth and Sky !*
And again I bow as the censer swings
And the God Enthroned goes by.)

RIMMON

Ay, we remember His sacred ark
And the virtuous men that knelt
To the dark and the hush behind the dark
Wherein we dreamed He dwelt ;

Until we entered to hale Him out,
And found no more than an old
Uncleanly image girded about
The loins with scarlet and gold.

Him we o'erset with the butts of our spears—
Him and His vast designs—
To be the scorn of our muleteers
And the jest of our halted lines.

By the picket-pins that the dogs defile,
In the dung and the dust He lay,
Till the priests ran and chattered awhile
And wiped Him and took Him away.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Hushing the matter before it was known,
They returned to our fathers afar,
And hastily set Him afresh on His throne
Because He had won us the war.

Wherefore with knees that feign to quake—
Bent head and shaded brow—
To this dead dog, for my father's sake,
In Rimmon's House I bow.





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